

T H E

First Æ N E I D

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V I R G I L, <sup>k</sup>

TRANSLATED into

B L A N K V E R S E.

---

By *ALEXANDER STRAHAN*, Esq;

---

*Fas mihi Divini tantum vestigia Vatis  
Posse sequi ; summoq; volans dum tendit Olympo,  
Sublimem aspicere, et longe observare tuendo.*

Rapini Hort.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for GEORGE STRAHAN at the *Golden Ball*  
against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*.

M. DCC. XXXIX.

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T H E

# P R E F A C E.

*THE first Part of this Essay, so far as to the End of the Storm, was wrote above twenty Years ago, and has lain by the Author ever since, without any Design or Intent of carrying it on any farther, being conscious to himself of his own Inability, and fully appris'd of the Difficulties of succeeding in so great an Undertaking. It is something*



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*thing more than a Year, that he was encourag'd by some of his Friends, to whom he accidentally shew'd it, to proceed in the Translation ; and since that Time, the remaining Part of this Book has been finish'd.*

*ALTHO' in Prudence the Translator ought not to have publish'd it so soon, yet he chose to submit it to the Public as it now is, that he might know from their Reception of it, whether he ought to entertain any Thoughts of going on or not. He ingenuously confesses, that he does not like Trouble himself, nor would willingly give Trouble to others ;*  
*both*



# P R E F A C E.   vii

*both which he thought might be avoided, in case this Attempt shall be disapprov'd of; and that he would have at least the Satisfaction of not mis-spending any more of his Time upon a vain and fruitless Labour. As he never flatter'd himself with the Conceit of his being a Poet, but only an humble Admirer of the Muses, it will, at his Time of Life, be no great Mortification to him, if the Public should prove of a different Sentiment from such of his Friends, who thought this Performance not altogether unworthy of seeing the Light. However suspected of Partiality their Judgment*  
*might*

## viii P R E F A C E.

*might be, he thought he could certainly depend upon the Impartiality of the Public, to whom with all Deference it is submitted.*

---

**THE**



THE  
First ÆNEID

OF

VIRGIL.



R M S. and the Hero who from *Trojan*  
Shores,

Compell'd by Fate an Exile, first ex-  
plor'd

Th' *Italian* Soil, and touch'd *Lavinian* Strands

I sing; after long Toils, and Perils great

By Land and Seas sustain'd; the Will of Heav'n: 5



So JUNO's Rage Implacable constrain'd :  
 In War he likewise many Labours bore,  
 Ere he could found his City, or his Gods  
 In *Latium* fix, from whence the *Latian* Race,  
 The *Alban* Fathers, and Imperial *Rome*. 10  
 Say, Muse, the Cause, what Deity incens'd,  
 What Crime the Queen of Heav'n provok'd, to doom  
 A Man for Piety renown'd, to tempt  
 So many a Danger, such Adventures hard?  
 In Heav'nly Minds can such Resentment dwell? 15

WIDE o'er the Seas a City stood of Old,  
*Carthage*, by *Tyrians* held; 'gainst *Italy*,  
 And *Tyber's* Mouth direct, in Wealth and Pomp  
 Magnificent, and fierce in Arts of War.  
 This Region far beyond all other Lands 20  
 JUNO held high in Love, and ev'n prefer'd  
 To her own fav'rite *Samos*. Here her Arms,  
 Here stood her Chariot : to this chosen Soil  
 Ev'n then the Goddess in her Thoughts decreed,  
 Would

Would Fate permit, the Empire of the World. 25  
 But she had heard, in time there would a Race  
 Spring from the *Trojan* Line, that should subvert  
 The *Tyrian* Towers, and by their Ruin grow  
 Renown'd in War, and spread their wide Domain  
 O'er all the Conquer'd Globe: so had the Fates 30  
 Ordain'd. This *JUNO* fear'd, nor was forgot  
 The War, which She, as Chief, for her dear *Greeks*  
 Against proud *Ilion* wag'd. Her pungent Grievs,  
 And Causes of her Anger, fresh remain'd  
 In Memory; deep in her Mind was fix'd 35  
 Th' Award of *PARIS*, and Resentment high  
 From Sense of injur'd Beauty, th' odious Race,  
 And ravish'd *GANYMEDE*'s exalted State.  
 By these Incentives fir'd, from *Latian* Shores  
 The *Trojans* far She drove, thro' all the Seas 40  
 She drove, the Sport of Winds, the thin Remains,  
 Who scap'd the *Grecians*, and destructive Sword  
 Of fierce *ACHILLES*; many Years they roam'd  
 The Ocean wide, driv'n by Decree of Fate

Inevitable. So immense the Toil, 45  
 So great th' Emprise to found the *Roman* Name!

SCARCE losing Sight of *Sicily*, elate  
 With prosp'rous Gale they gain'd the Deep, and  
 With brazen Prows the foaming Waves; when thus <sup>[plough'd]</sup>  
 Spoke JUNO, bearing her eternal Wound 50  
 Deep in her Heart. Shall I o'er-come desist  
 From my fix'd Purpose? nor from *Italy*  
 Have Power t'avert the *Trojan* King? For why?  
 The Fates forbid. And could MINERVA burn  
 The *Argive* Fleet, and plunge amid the Waves 55  
 So many a *Greek*, for One Man's Fault, for Crimes  
 By AJAX dar'd alone, OILEUS' Son?  
 She from the Clouds, could lance with potent Arm  
 JOVE's dreaded Thunder, scatter wide his Ships,  
 And from th' Abyfs upturn with furious Winds 60  
 The surging Waves: Himself, expiring Flames  
 From Breast transfixt, in Whirlwinds snatch, and  
 Upon the pointed Rock: whilst I, who walk, <sup>[chain]</sup>



In awful Pomp, the Queen of Gods, of Jove  
 Sister and Consort, with one Nation war 65  
 So many Years: and who, henceforth, the Pow'r  
 Of JUNO will invoke? or Suppliant bend,  
 And grateful Honours on my Altars lay?

THESE things, with Heart inflam'd, the Goddess thus  
 Deep in her Mind revolving, sudden seeks 70  
 ÆOLIA's stormy Isles, of Tempests fierce  
 The Native Land, with furious South Winds fraught.  
 Here ÆOLUS, in Cavern vast and huge,  
 The struggling Winds and sounding Storms, Supreme  
 Commands, and binds with Chains in Prison strong.  
 They round the rocky Vaults, with Tumult loud, 76  
 Impatient rage. High on a Royal Throne  
 Sits ÆOLUS, and calms with scepter'd Sway  
 Their madding Minds, and moderates their Wrath;  
 Lest they, in wild Confusion, Earth and Seas, 80  
 And Heav'n with all her number'd Stars should blend,  
 And sweep together thro' the void Immense,

This fearing, Them th' Almighty Pow'r in Caves  
 Profound immers'd, and with the Load oppress'd  
 Of weightiest Mountains ; and a King impos'd, 85  
 Who at Command, and by fix'd Laws, should know  
 When to restrain and when relax the Reins.

HIM JUNO thus in Terms submits address'd :  
 Thou ÆOLUS, to whom the Supreme King,  
 Great Sire of Gods and Men, hath giv'n to swell 90  
 The boiling Deep, and to assuage at Will :  
 A Race by me detested, wand'ring sails  
 The *Tyrrhene* Sea, and into *Italy*  
 Bears ruin'd *Ilium* and their exil'd Gods :  
 Add Impulse to thy Winds, with Billows huge 95  
 O'erwhelm their sinking Ships, or drive dispers'd,  
 And strow the Sea with floating Carcases.  
 Twice sev'n bright Nymphs I have of Beauty rare,  
 But all the rest surpassing far in Grace,  
 Fair DEIOPEIA, firm in Marriage Rite 100  
 I'll bind, and make thy own ; her number'd Years  
 Shall

Shall for this Service all be spent with Thee,  
And with a beauteous Offspring She shall grace  
Thee, happy Sire. To whom the God reply'd;  
Thy dread Commands, O Queen, in Charge to give  
Is yours; and mine implicit to obey. 106  
Whate'er of Power I have to Thee I owe:  
To Thee, my Patroness with mighty Jove:  
By Thee on Bed of State at Solemn Feasts  
Of Gods I sit reclin'd, and claim by Thee 110  
O'er Storms and Tempests the Dominion sole.

THIS said, with Spear uplift the hollow Rock  
He strook; from its disparted Side, forth rush'd  
The Winds impetuous, as in martial Rank,  
And shook with Tempest all the Region round. 115  
O'er Seas a Space they hung; then with fresh Force  
From their deep Seats uprais'd, by th' adverse Blasts  
Of *Eurus*, and of *Afer* black with Storms,  
And *Auster* fierce, They to the founding Shores  
Tumultuous drove the vast enormous Waves. 120



Clamours of Men resound, and rattling Ropes.  
 Forthwith the Clouds of Heav'n's refulgent Face  
 Bereave the *Trojans*; Darkness thick invests  
 The Sea; from either Pole loud Thunders roar,  
 And quick in Air the nimble Lightnings flash. 125  
 All things conspire to threat immediate Death.

A HORROR chill ÆNEAS' Joints relax'd:  
 He sigh'd, and with his Hands uprear'd to Heav'n  
 Sad Silence broke: Happy, thrice Happy They,  
 Who under *Troy's* proud Walls dy'd by the Sword 130  
 Ev'n in their Parents Sight! O DIOMED,  
 Of *Greeks* most puissant, on the *Trojan* Plain  
 Wherefore could I not fall? and by thy Hand  
 Pour out this Soul? where by ACHILLES' Spear  
 Lies warlike HECTOR, where SARPEDON great: 135  
 Where *Simois*, swoln with Carnage, rolls along  
 Unnumber'd Shields, and Helms, and Heroes slain.

WHILST

WHILST He thus plaintive, the Tempestuous North  
 Against the Sail bore fierce, and to the Stars  
 Impell'd th' uplifted Flood; the Oars are broke; 140  
 The Ship then turns her Prow, and to the Storm  
 Her Side lays broad; Mountains of Water rise,  
 And fall with their own Weight. On the high Surge  
 Those hang; to these, with horrid Chasm, the Waves  
 The lowest Deep disclose. With rolling Sands 145  
 The tumid Surges rage. Three Ships, the South  
 Afflicting fore, drove on the latent Rocks:  
 Those Rocks, amid the Ocean with broad Backs  
 Emerging prominent, *Italians* call  
 The Altars. Three, fierce *Eurus* from the Main 150  
 On Flats and Shallows forc'd, a fearful Sight!  
 And lash'd with Waves, and girt with Mounds of Sand.  
 On One Ship fraught with *Lycians*, and their Chief  
 ORONTES faithful, ev'n before his Sight  
 A whelming Sea now vertical descends: 155  
 Headlong the Pilot fell; thrice round the Wave  
 Involving turn'd her, and the Whirlpool, quick  
 Within

Within her rapid Eddies, deep ingulf'd.  
 Thin floating o'er the Ocean wide appear,  
 Men, Planks, and *Trojan* Wealth, by Waves dispers'd.  
 Now o'er the Ships which bore *ILIONEUS*, 161  
 And *ABAS*, brave *ACHATES*, and in Years  
*ALETHES* full, the Storm prevails; their firm  
 Compacted Junctures, now too weak, admit  
 Gaping with Leaks around, th' invading Sea. 165

NEPTUNE mean while with Uproar great perceiv'd  
 His Realm disturb'd, the Storm sent forth, the Deep  
 Rais'd from its lowest Caverns. Greatly mov'd,  
 And careful of his Charge, He o'er the Waves  
 His placid Aspect rear'd, ÆNEAS' Fleet 170  
 Thro' Seas dispers'd he saw, the *Trojans* saw,  
 O'erwhelm'd with Floods, and Heav'n's collected Rage.  
 Nor lay his Sisters Wiles or Hate conceal'd.  
 He *Zephyrus* and *Eurus* call'd, and said;  
 Does such Presumption then your Birth become, 175  
 Ye Winds, that Heav'n with Earth, my Leave unaskt,

Ye



Ye dare confound, and raise these big-swoln Waves?  
 Whom I—— But chief it now imports, t'assuage  
 The troubled Deep; henceforth ye shall not thus  
 With Punishment so flight your Crimes atone. 180  
 Add Wings to Flight, and to your King thus say:  
 The Empire of the Sea, and Trident dread  
 To me, not Him, by Lot was giv'n; He claims  
 Wild monstrous Rocks, the Place of your Abode;  
 Let ÆOLUS in that Dominion boast, 185  
 And Kingly Pow'r assume o'er Winds enchain'd.

HE spoke; than Speech more swift the Sea he calm'd,  
 The gather'd Clouds dispers'd, and Sun recall'd.  
*Cymothoe* and *Triton*, with joint Force,  
 From cragg'd Rocks the Ships upheave: Himself 190  
 With Trident rais'd assists the shatter'd Fleet,  
 Opens the Quick-sands vast, and loud Misrule  
 Of Ocean strait controuls; his Chariot Wheels  
 Glide o'er the glassy Surface smooth and calm.  
 As when amongst a mighty Multitude 195

Sedition

Sedition oft arises, and the Croud  
 Ignoble with unbridled Fury storms ;  
 Stones now, and Firebrands fly, Rage finds them  
 If chance some Sage appear, for grave Deport <sup>[Arms:]</sup>  
 And Virtue eminent, they hush, they stand 209  
 With deep Attention ; He by powerful Sway  
 Of Eloquence persuasive, charms their Souls,  
 And with soft Blandishments their Rage allays.  
 Ev'n so, at once, th' outrageous Deep grew still,  
 Soon as the Sire of Floods, with mild Regard, 205  
 The Sea survey'd ; thro' Air serene and bright  
 His Chariot rolls, his Steeds, with Reins relax'd,  
 Fly o'er the glassy Plain with easy Course,

THE weary *Trojans* to the nearest Shores  
 Their Course direct, and steer tow'rd *Lybia's* Coast,  
 There lies a Harbour far within the Land, 211  
 Commodious form'd by an opposing Isle :  
 Which breaking as a Mound the furious Waves,  
 They run divided first, then calm unite.

On each Side Rocks, and two with steepy Height 215  
 Aspiring touch the Clouds, safe at whose Feet  
 The Waters far and near lie smooth and still.  
 Distant from these a silvan Scene, beyond,  
 To bound the Prospect, Woods with horrent Shade.  
 Op'ning to View, beneath the hanging Rocks 220  
 A Cave, within, a Fountain pure, and Seats  
 Form'd from the living Stone, the cool Recess  
 Of Nymphs: no twisted Cable here retains  
 The Tempest-beaten Bark, nor crooked Tooth  
 Of pond'rous Anchor holds from threat'ning Storms.  
 Here with Sev'n Ships collected of his Fleet 226  
 ÆNEAS comes. The *Trojans* disembark,  
 Glad of the Land, the long-wish'd Shore enjoy,  
 And stretch their Sea-drench'd Limbs upon the Beach.  
 ACHATES first forth from the stubborn Flint 230  
 The latent Spark excites, and Fire receives  
 On Leaves full dry'd, with Matter seer increast:  
 It mounts aloft in Smoak and ruddy Flame.  
 Desponding thro' their Toil, whilst others spread

The



The bounteous Gift of CERES and her Tools; 235  
 The Grain restor'd between two Stones they grind,  
 And scorch with Fire, and chase unwholsome Moist.

MEANTIME the Rock ÆNEAS climbs, and thence  
 The Prospect of the Sea in utmost Ken  
 Surveys, if ANTHEUS, CAPYS he could spy, 240  
 Toft by the Winds, or other *Phrygian* Ships,  
 Or that displaying high *Caicus*' Arms.  
 No Ship in View, but wand'ring on the Strand  
 Three Stags he sees, whom follow'd all the Herd,  
 A num'rous Croud, and browze along the Vales. 245  
 He stopp'd, and sudden snatch'd his ready Bow,  
 And Shafts unerring by ACHATES borne.  
 The Leaders tossing high their branching Heads  
 First fell, then He the trembling Herd invades,  
 And soon for Shelter drove 'midst thickest Woods. 250  
 Nor did he quit the Chace till on the Ground  
 Sev'n of the largest Size all panting lay,  
 Just equal with the Number of his Ships.

The Harbour then he seeks, and Spoil divides  
 'Mongst his Companions; and the Wine, supply'd  
 Abundant by ACESTES, when they left 256  
*Trinacrian* Shores, the Hero likewise shares;  
 And with these Words their drooping Spirits rais'd:

O FRIENDS! nor Ignorant of Evils felt  
 Were We before; Oh! Greater have we borne: 260  
 To these a Period also JOVE will grant.  
 You SCYLLA's Rage, and th' other Whirlpool too  
 Deep-sounding from below, You, CYCLOPS Caves  
 Already have escap'd: Now then resume  
 Your wonted Courage, and dispel your Fears. 265  
 The Time will come, when pleas'd we shall recount  
 The present Dangers o'er. Thro' hard Assays,  
 Thro' various Toils to *Latium* we proceed,  
 Where peaceful Seats the Fates declare, where *Troy*  
 Again reviv'd shall from her Ashes rise; 270  
 Then persevere, and Fortune's Smiles await.  
 He thus aloud, tho' rack'd with deep Despair;

Hope

Hope in his Countenance he feigns, but Grief;  
Conceal'd with Pain, possess'd his inmost Soul.

THEY for the Spoil prepare, and future Feast; 275  
From the warm Sides the Skins they rend, disclose  
The smoaking Entrails, lop the quiv'ring Limbs,  
Fixt on sharp Irons, or into Water thrown  
In brazen Caldrons, bubbling o'er the Flame.  
With Food their wasted Strength they then repair,  
And on the flowery Herb reclin'd, partake 281  
The Venison choice, and quaff the flowing Bowl.  
Their Hunger thus asswag'd, in long Discourse  
About their lost Companions they inquire,  
'Twixt Hope and Fear divided, if they breathe 285  
As yet the vital Air, or last Extremes  
Have undergone, now deaf to all their Vows.  
But most ÆNEAS now the Loss bewails  
Of brave ORONTES, then the Destiny  
Of AMYCUS deplores, and the hard Fates 290  
Of LYCAS, GYAS and CLOANTHUS bold.

THEY



THEY ended now, when JUPITER surveying,  
 From th' Empyrean pure, this pendant World  
 Of Earth, and Ocean circumfus'd, the Shores, 295  
 And scatter'd Nations, from the Height of Heav'n  
 Look'd down, and fix'd his Eyes on *Libya's* Realms.  
 Him, weighing then in his Eternal Mind  
 The Fate of Empires, VENUS, her bright Eyes  
 Suffus'd with Tears, dejected thus address'd.  
 O Thou, who with eternal Scepter rul'st 300  
 Both Gods and Men, and with thy Thunder awe'st;  
 What Crime could my *ÆNEAS* perpetrate?  
 Or what against thy Power the *Trojans* dare?  
 That after such Calamities sustain'd,  
 For sake of *Italy*, they are debarr'd 305  
 The World entire? You promis'd sure that hence,  
 After the Flight of many a rolling Year,  
 Should spring the *Romans*, hence the Chiefs to rise,  
 From TEUCER's Blood restor'd, who Earth and Seas  
 With ample Sway should rule: What Purpose new  
 O Sire, hath chang'd thy predetermin'd Will? 311

With Thought of This, the Fall, the Waste of *Troy*  
 I bore consol'd ; with prosp'rous, adverse Fates  
 I pois'd. But now what Hope remains for Those  
 Whom the same cruel Fortune still pursues, 315  
 In various Toils long exercis'd ? What End  
 Wilt Thou, O King Supreme, their Labours give ?  
 ANTENOR from amidst the hostile *Greeks*  
 Escap'd, th' *Illyrian* Gulph, and utmost Bounds  
 Of the *Liburnian* Empire safe could pass, 320  
 And swift *Timavus*' Springs, who, to the Sea  
 Thro' nine wide Mouths, the Mountain roaring loud,  
 Rushes abrupt, and with a Deluge sweeps  
 The floated Vales : Yet here He *Padua* rais'd,  
 Here fix'd his Empire, and the *Dardan* Seats, 325  
 New nam'd the People, and the calm Repose  
 Of placid Peace enjoys. But We, thy Race,  
 To whom Celestial Mansions are assign'd,  
 Expos'd a Victim to the Rage of One, 329  
 Our Ships dispers'd or lost, sad Chance ! are driv'n  
 Wide distant from our Hopes, th' *Italian* Shores.

Of Piety is this the Recompence ?

And do we thus to promis'd Empire rise ?

THE Sire of Gods and Men, with Aspect mild,  
Such as wherewith the Face of Heav'n he calms, 335  
And Tempests loud, serenely smiling, press'd  
Gently her Lips with Kisses pure, and spake :

VENUS, abandon Fear : thy People's Fates  
Immoveable remain. Thou shalt behold  
The promis'd City, and *Lavinian* Walls ; 340  
And to the Stars of Heav'n, sublime, shalt raise  
Magnanimous *ÆNEAS* ; nor is chang'd  
The Purpose of my predetermin'd Will.  
He soon a mighty War shall undertake ;  
(For I will speak, since this chief Care torments 345  
Thy anxious Breast, and deep Decrees of Fate,  
The most remote, in Order will unfold)  
In *Italy* fierce Nations he shall quell,  
And to his People Laws and City give :



The *Rutuli* subdu'd, the *Latian* Realm 350  
 Shall own his Sway ; till the third Summer Sun  
 And the third Winter Frost alternate pass.  
 But young *ASCANIUS*, now *IULUS* nam'd,  
 (And *ILUS* was he call'd, while *Ilium* stood)  
 In due Succession shall the spacious Round 355  
 Of Thirty rolling Years with Empire fill :  
 He from *Lavinium* shall transplant his Seat  
 To *Alba*, then first girt with tow'rd Walls.  
 From him, Three hundred Years complete, shall reign  
 The *Trojan* Race, till at one Birth disclos'd, 360  
 The Royal Priestess *ILIA*, shall to *MARS*  
 A double Offspring bear ; then *ROMULUS*,  
 Proud of the Wolf his Nurse's yellow Skin,  
 The Scepter shall assume, a City found,  
 Sacred to his Great Sire, the God of War, 365  
 And from his Name the People *Romans* call.  
 To them no Bound I fix of Rule or Time,  
 But give Eternal Empire : *JUNO* then,  
 Ev'n She, who now implacable from Fear,

Earth,

Earth, Ocean, Heav'n, solicits and fatigues, 370

Shall change her Counfels, shall with me protect

The *Romans*, civiliz'd in Arts of Peace,

And Masters of the World; for such my Will.

The Time shall come, the Ages rolling on,

When *Phthia* and *Mycenæ*, now victorious, 375

Shall feel the Victor's Chain, and *Argos* own

ASSARACUS his Progeny her Lords.

Then shall arise, sprung from a *Trojan* Branch

Illustrious, CÆSAR, who shall bound his Reign

With Earth's wide Bonnds, his Glory with the

JULIUS, deriv'd from Great IULUS' Name : <sup>[Heav'ns,</sup> 381

Hereafter, Him surcharg'd with Eastern Spoils

To Heav'ns high Throne thou shalt receive secure;

Whence still his Name with Sacrifice and Pray'r

Shall be Invok'd; a God among the Gods! 385

Then shall the fiercer Ages, Wars compos'd,

Be soften'd into Mildness; VESTA pure,

And candid Truth, to Right shall point the Way,

And REMUS with QUIRINUS dictate Law :

The dreadful Gates of War shall then be shut 390  
With Adamantine Bars, whilst far within  
Sits impious Fury, on a Pile of Arms,  
Bound with a Hundred Chains, and raging fierce  
Shall gnash his Teeth, and roll his Eyes in vain.

HE finish'd here, and MAIA's Son from High 395  
Dispatches strait, that *Afric*, and the Towers  
New rais'd of *Carthage*, might Protection give,  
And Refuge, to the *Trojan* Chiefs distress'd ;  
Lest Dido, ignorant of Fate, should drive  
From off her Bounds. He thro' the buxom Air 400  
Sails on the feather'd Oarage of his Wings,  
And quick descends upon the *Libyan* Shores.  
And now, his Charge perform'd, their hostile Minds  
The *Carthaginians* change : So Jove dispos'd.  
But for the *Dardans*, above all, the Queen 405  
Pacific Thoughts, and Mind benign, admits.



MEANTIME ÆNEAS thro' the silent Night,  
 Revolving in his Breast full many a Thought,  
 Soon as the Purple Morn should streak the East,  
 To issue forth resolv'd, and the new Land 410  
 Discover, on what Shores tost by the Winds,  
 And if, for all was waste and desert round,  
 By Men or Beasts possess'd, and known report  
 To his Companions; but for Safety moor'd  
 His Fleet beneath the Rock, with Trees inclos'd, 415  
 And horrid Gloom, impenetrable Shade.  
 He only by ACHATES join'd went forth,  
 Two pond'rous Jav'lins shaking in his Hand.  
 Him, now arriv'd amid the thickest Wood,  
 Sudden his Mother Goddess meets; in Look 420  
 And Semblance like a Virgin fair, and arm'd  
 As those of *Lacedemon*; or her Garb  
 Such as HARPALICE's, when wont to tire  
 The *Thracian* Courser, and in Speed surpass  
 The rapid *Hebrus* in his swiftest Course. 425

For like a Huntress from her Shoulders hung  
 Her ready Bow, and with a graceful Pride,  
 Her Locks dishevel'd wanton'd in the Wind :  
 Bare from the Knee, for in a Knot compress'd  
 The flowing Plaits of her loose Garment lay. 430  
 She first ; I pray inform me, gentle Youths,  
 If of my Sisters ye have seen by chance  
 Wandring this Way, their Quivers by their Sides,  
 And with the spotted Lynx's Spoils adorn'd, 434  
 Or following with loud Shouts the foaming Boar.  
 Thus VENUS—and her Son with quick Reply :  
 None of thy Sisters have I seen or heard,  
 O Virgin, by what Name? for sure thy Look  
 Not Mortal seems, nor Human sounds thy Voice ;  
 A Goddess certain Thou, DIANA chaste? 440  
 Or of DIANA's Train a Sister Nymph?  
 Known by what Name? propitious prove, and aid  
 Our present Labours ; on what Region thrown,  
 Under what Clime, inform ; of Man and Place  
 We wander ignorant, by the vast Waves 445

And

And by the Fury of the Tempest driv'n :  
 Full many a Victim shall your Altars stain.  
 Nor Goddess, nor DIANA chaste am I,  
 Said VENUS; but the *Tyrian* Virgins arm'd  
 Thus bear the Bow and Quiver, and aloft 450  
 The Purple Buskin bind around the Leg.  
 The *Punic* Kingdom, of the *Tyrian* Race,  
 And City of AGENOR you behold,  
 Of *Libya* Part, a Nation fierce in War.  
 The Scepter DIDO holds, who to escape 455  
 Her Brother's Snares, from *Tyre* is hither fled.  
 The Story of her Injuries is long,  
 Long and perplex'd, but the essential Points  
 I'll briefly touch. SICHÆUS was her Lord,  
 The wealthiest of the *Tyrians*, and belov'd 460  
 With great Affection by th' unhappy Queen.  
 She, when a Virgin pure, to him was join'd  
 With Rites accusom'd, in Connubial Love.  
 PYGMALION then the *Tyrian* Scepter held,  
 By Blood her Brother, far in Wickedness 465  
 The



The Wickedest surpassing : These between  
 Rose mortal Hate ; when blind with Love of Gold  
 PYGMALION impiously SICHÆUS slew  
 Before the very Altars of the Gods,  
 Regardless of his Sister's Love or Hate. 470  
 The Fact he long conceal'd, and with vain Arts,  
 And vainer Hopes, the Love-sick Fair deceiv'd.  
 But in her Sleep appear'd the mournful Shade  
 Of her unbury'd Lord, his pallid Looks  
 Exhibiting in ghastly Form ; and shew'd 475  
 The cruel Altars, and his Breast transfix'd  
 By th'unsuspected Steel ; and full disclos'd  
 All the dark Scene, and execrable Deed.  
 He then exhorts her quick to fly, and leave  
 Her native City ; and to aid her Flight 480  
 Discovers bury'd Treasures long conceal'd,  
 Of Gold and Silver Store, a Hoard unknown.  
 By these excited, DIDO for her Flight  
 Prepares, accompany'd by faithful Friends :  
 All join, whom either Hate or Fear extreme 485  
 Of

Of the fell Tyrant mov'd ; the Ships they seize,  
Which ready lay by chance, and ladé with Gold :  
PYGMALION's Riches thus, the Miser's Heaps,  
By Sea are borne away ; a Woman, Chief  
And Author of the Deed. Here they arriv'd, 490  
Where now these lofty Walls and rising Towers  
Of *Carthage* you behold, the Soil obtain'd  
By Purchase ; *Byrsa* from the Manner nam'd,  
What Tract an Ox's Hide could circumscribe. 494  
But who are you ? Come from what distant Shores ?  
Or whither steer your Course ? To her Demands  
With Sighs, and from the Bottom of his Breast  
His Voice slow raising, He with Words like these.

O GODDESS, if the Series of my Woes,  
Tracing from their first Source, I should pursue, 500  
And Leisure would permit to hear the Tale,  
The Star of Ev'ning first would Night proclaim,  
And Day be clos'd. From ancient *Troy* we come,  
If e'er the Name of *Troy* have reach'd your Ear ;

And

And tost thro' various Seas, at length the Storm 505  
Has driv'n by Chance upon the *Libyan* Shores.

ÆNEAS I am call'd, on board my Fleet  
Snatch'd from the Flames my Household Gods I bear,  
My Piety and Fame has reach'd the Heav'ns.

To *Italy* I bend my Course, the Seat 510  
Of my Progenitors, my Race derive

From Jove Supreme. With twice Ten Ships I  
The *Phrygian* Sea, my Mother Goddess Guide, <sup>[plough'd]</sup>

What Fate allows pursuing ; scarce remain 514

Sev'n shatter'd by the Winds and Waves ; myself

Unknown, in Want, these *Libyan* Desarts roam,

From *Europe* and from *Asia* driv'n. Nor more

Him thus complaining VENUS could permit ;

But interrupted short his plaintive Grief.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy Life, I trust, to Heav'n  
Is not obnoxious, nor the Course that leads 521

Thy Steps to *Tyre*. Proceed as you began,

And seek secure the Palace of the Queen.



For now I dare announce thy Friends restor'd,  
 Thy Ships preserv'd in Safety from the Winds, 525  
 If my fond Parents have not taught in vain  
 The Art of Augury. Yonder behold  
 Twice Six fair Swans rejoicing, safe escap'd  
 The Talons of the Bird of Jove, descry'd  
 As in his airy Tour he soar'd, and driv'n 530  
 Precipitate in Flight, now in long Train  
 Or touch the Earth, or chuse their Place of Rest.  
 As they with Clang of Wing descending play,  
 And in a Body wheel their airy Course,  
 And Songs promiscuous join, in Manner like 535  
 Thy Ships, and lost Companions, now the Port  
 Or gladly hold, or make with swelling Sails.  
 Go therefore on, and, as the Way directs,  
 Proceed. Nor more, but turning round, her Neck  
 Like polish'd Ivory resplendent shone, 540  
 Ting'd with Celestial rosy Red; her Locks  
 Ambrosial breath'd Odours divine; her Robe  
 Descended with Majestic Train; her Walk

Smooth

Smooth gliding without Step, now manifest  
 A Deity declar'd. His Mother known, 545  
 He in her Flight pursu'd, and thus complain'd:  
 Thou cruel too! Why thus so oft delude  
 Thy Son in Forms assum'd? Why not allow  
 Hand to join Hand, and Converse sweet indulge  
 Heard and return'd, unconscious of Disguise? 550  
 In vain He thus expostulates, then turns,  
 And to the City strait his Way pursues.

BUT VENUS them in Cloud obscure involv'd,  
 Conceal'd their Persons, and secur'd their Way,  
 That none might them perceive, or obvious meet,  
 And meditate Delay, or curious ask 556  
 The Cause of their Arrival. She, sublime  
 In Air, to *Paphos* flies, revisits glad  
 Her happy Seats, where stands her Temple high,  
 And where a Hundred brazen Altars, wreath'd 560  
 With recent Flow'rs, *Sabeian* Sweets exhale.

BUT

BUT they, mean while, their Way with hasty Steps  
Advance, where points the Road; and now the Hill  
Ascend, which o'er the City high impends,  
And Towers full opposite beneath surveys. 565  
The City's vast Extent (where Cottages  
Late stood) ÆNEAS much admires: Admires  
The ample Gates, pav'd Ways, and crowded Streets.  
The *Tyrians* toil incessant; massy Stones  
They roll; and labour, Part, the circling Wall 570  
To lead; and Part, to raise the lofty Tower.  
Some for the Building chuse commodious Site;  
With measur'd Trench some mark the just Extent.  
These study to compile the Rites and Laws,  
The Magistrates and Senate Those elect. 575  
Here others dig the Harbours; others There  
Foundations deep for Theaters design,  
And from the Rocks th'enormous Columns shape,  
The Decoration grand of future Scenes.  
Such Labour in the Spring the Bees employs 580  
Thro'



Thro' all the flowery Meads, when in the Sun  
 Their Youth they exercise ; or liquid Sweets  
 Condense, and with Nectareous Juice distend  
 Their little Cells, or Loads receive from those  
 Homeward returning, or in close Array 585  
 Drawn up, the Drones, a lazy Crew, expel  
 Forth from their Hives; the Work with Labour glows,  
 And strong of Thyme the fragrant Honey smells.  
 Oh happy they, whose Walls already rise!  
 ÆNEAS cry'd, and views the towering Height 590  
 Of the proud City, and of all unseen,  
 Wondrous to tell, he mingles with the Crowd.

FULL in the Center of the City stood  
 A sacred Grove, delectable for Shade :  
 First landing here, long toss'd by Winds and Waves,  
 The *Tyrians* turn'd the Soil, and turning found 596  
 An Horse's Head, an Omen of Success ;  
 That Martial Animal, sent as a Sign  
 By JUNO, that in time their Race would prove

Mighty

Mighty in War, inur'd to Toil, of Thirst 600  
 And Hunger patient. Here a Temple great  
 To JUNO's Power *Sidonian* DIDO builds,  
 Splendid with Gifts, and awful by the Power  
 Whose Presence fill'd the Dome. The ascending Steps  
 Of solid Brass; with Brass the Beams are join'd; 605  
 Of Brazen Plates the folding Doors are form'd,  
 The folding Doors on Brazen Hinges groan.  
 Here first an unexpected Sight allay'd  
 His Grief; here first *ÆNEAS* dar'd to hope,  
 And better Thoughts of his afflicted State 610  
 To entertain. For whilst with curious Eye  
 The Structure of the Temple he surveys,  
 Its pictur'd Ornaments, and votive Gifts,  
 Waiting the Queen, and now compares the Hands  
 Of famous Artists, now admires their Works: 615  
 Distinct, in Order, on the Walls he sees  
 The Wars of *Troy*, the Battles now by Fame  
 Wide thro' the World resounded; he perceives  
*ATRIDES*, *PRIAM*, and the wrathful Son

Of PELEUS stern to both. He stood, and while 620  
The Tear pathetic flow'd, O Friend! he cry'd,  
What Clime, what Region so remote on Earth  
Our Labours have not fill'd? LO, PRIAM! LO!  
The Palm that Virtue yields! In Scenes like these  
We trace Humanity, and Man with Man 625  
Related by the Kindred Sense of Woe.  
Your Fears dismiss; ev'n these Reports of Fame  
Portend Security. He said, his Words  
Deep interwove with Sighs, his Visage bath'd  
With copious Floods of Tears, but sooth'd his Mind  
In mournful Pleasure, o'er the pictur'd Scene. 631  
For fighting round the Walls of *Troy*, he saw  
The *Greeks* Here flying, and the *Trojan* Youth  
Close in Pursuit: ACHILLES dreadful There  
With Crest terrific, on the *Phrygians* drove 635  
His Chariot bright, wide-wasting like a Storm.  
Nor far from thence, with weeping Eyes he views  
The Tents of RHESUS whitening all the Plain,  
Betray'd in their first Sleep; whom DIOMED,

Swimming



Swimming in Blood destroy'd, o'er Heaps of Slain  
 Swift to his Tents the fiery Steeds he drove, 641  
 Or e'er they tasted of the Food of *Troy*,  
 Or drank of *Xanthus'* Stream. Another Part  
 TROILUS, his Weapons drop'd, Unhappy Youth!  
 Inferior to ACHILLES in Contest, 645  
 His Horses flying drag; supine he clings  
 Low pendant from his Car; his Iv'ry Neck,  
 And Hair dishevel'd, sweep the Plain; yet still,  
 In Death tenacious, his left Arm retains  
 Th' unequal Rein, his Right the trailing Spear, 650  
 That now inverted idly marks the Dust.  
 Mean while to PALLAS' Temple tho' adverse,  
 The *Phrygian* Matrons with dishevel'd Locks  
 Proceed; as Suppliants sad the Votive Robe  
 They bear, and beat in mournful Plight their Breasts:  
 The Goddess all regardless keeps her Eye 656  
 Fixt steady on the Floor. Thrice round the Walls  
 ACHILLES now had HECTOR dragg'd, and sells  
 For Gold his breathless Corpse. A secret Sigh

Deep from his Breast he drew, when as the Spoils,  
 The Chariot, and dead Body of his Friend, 661  
 And aged PRIAM stretching forth his Hands  
 Unarm'd, he view'd. Himself he likewise knew  
 Amidst the *Greeks*, piercing their deep Array,  
 And th' Eastern Forces, and black MEMNON's Arms.  
 The *Amazonian* Squadrons, bearing Shields 666  
 Of crescent Form, PENTHESILEA led,  
 With Fury to the War, and ardent mix'd  
 Amid th' embattel'd Thousands; just beneath  
 Her Bosom bare was girt her golden Zone: 670  
 Heroic Virgin, who so arm'd, yet dar'd  
 The manly Hero in fierce Hossing meet.  
 These Wonders whilst the *Dardan* Chief admir'd,  
 Whilst he astonish'd stood, intent and fixt,  
 On these sole Objects, to the Fane proceeds 675  
 The Royal DIDO, exquisite of Form,  
 Encircl'd by a Band of radiant Youths.  
 Like as DIANA on *Eurotas*' Banks,  
 Or *Cynthus*' Top, the Dances smoothly leads,

On

On whom a thousand mountain Nymphs attend,  
 And on each Side inclose; her Quiver hung 681  
 Upon her Shoulder; she, Majestic moves,  
 And all the Goddesses in Dignity  
 And Grace excels: with secret Joy and Pride  
 LATONA'S Bosom swells. Such DIDO seem'd, 685  
 So lovely pass'd, amid the loud Acclaim  
 Of thronging Multitudes; her Presence adds  
 New Vigour to the Works and Plans design'd:  
 Then, in the Center of the Temple plac'd,  
 Exalted on her Royal Throne, begirt 690  
 With Arms, to Laws she Sanction gives, and Right,  
 As Substitute of Heav'n, dispenses mild.  
 The Labour of the Works in equal Parts  
 Just she divides, or draws by equal Chance.  
 When strait, with Concourse great, ÆNEAS saw  
 ANTHEUS, SERGESTUS, and CLOANTHUS brave 696  
 Approach, and others of the Trojan Youth,  
 Whom the fierce Tempest o'er the angry Seas  
 Had scatter'd wide, and drove to distant Ports.



Amazement seiz'd the Chief, with Joy and Fear  
ACHATES too was struck, ardent they wish'd 701  
Their Hands to join, but Doubt their Minds perplex'd:  
Dissembling therefore, by the hollow Cloud  
Involv'd and hid, they diligent observe  
The Fortune of their Friends, their Ships where left,  
And what the Cause of coming; for they came, 706  
Elected from each Ship, to sue for Peace,  
And loud Expostulating, seek the Fane.  
Admittance gain'd, and Leave obtain'd to speak,  
Their Chief, ILIONEUS, compos'd, began. 710  
O Queen, to whom great JUPITER hath given  
A City new to build, and with just Laws  
Curb haughty Realms, We, Sons of hapless *Troy*,  
Thro' every Sea by angry Tempests tofs'd,  
Implore thy Favour; from our Ships avert 715  
Those impious Flames, a pious People spare,  
And deign propitious to regard our Woes:  
We neither come to waste with Fire and Sword  
The *Libyan* Fields, nor to our Ships to bear

The plunder'd Spoil ; not ours this Insolence 720

Nor Pride, ill suited to a vanquish'd Mind.

There is a Place, by *Greeks Hesperia* call'd,

Potent in Arms, an ancient fertile Land,

Held by *Oenotrians* once, but now by Fame

Entitled *Italy*, a Term deriv'd 725

From later ITALUS, their Leader's Name.

Thither our Course we steer'd.

When sudden rising in th' ascending Scale

Of Heav'n, ORION, arm'd with Tempests black,

On latent *Syrtes* drove us, and thro' Seas 730

Impervious, over Rocks, Waves covering all,

By pertinacious South Winds forc'd ; a few

Forlorn, and wandring wide, have reach'd your

But ah, what Custom this? what barbarous Soil, <sup>[Shores.</sup>

What Race so savage, from their Shores to drive 735

All Sense of Hospitality? fell War

Receives us on the Beach. If human Ties,

If mortal Arms you slight, at least believe

High Heav'n, Superior Judge of Right and Wrong.

ÆNEAS was our King, for Arms in War 740  
Renown'd, in Peace for Piety rever'd ;  
Whom if the Fates preserve, if yet he breathe  
The vital Air, nor rest in *Stygian* Shades,  
Then need not we despair to find Success ;  
Nor need you then repent the first to strive 745  
In Offices of Friendship. Store of Arms,  
And Cities, we in *Sicily* may claim,  
Where reigns ACESTES, sprung of *Trojan* Blood.  
Permit us then to bring our Fleet on Shore,  
Shatter'd by Winds and Waves, and in the Woods  
To shape the massy Beams and slender Oars : 751  
That if 'tis given for *Italy* to fail,  
(Again our King and lost Companions found)  
With Joy the Realms of *Latium* we may seek,  
But if for Thee no Safety, Last and Best 755  
Of *Trojans* ! Thee if *Libyan* Seas o'erwhelm,  
Nor Hope of young IULUS more remain ;  
That then we may at least *Sicilian* Shores,  
From whence the Tempest drove us, gain in Peace,  
And



And once again behold ACESTES Good. 760  
 Thus spake ILIONEUS, and loud Assent  
 The *Dardans* with united Voice declare.  
 Then DIDO brief, with modest Air, inclin'd :  
 Fear from your Hearts dispel, your Cares seclude,  
 O *Trojans* ! Strong Necessity, and State 765  
 So new, of my unfettled Kingdom, force  
 Precautions such to take ; and to defend  
 With Watches strict the Limits of my Realm.  
 ÆNEAS, and his Race, who does not know ?  
 The Powers of *Troy*, the Virtues of her Sons ? 770  
 And the dire Flames of that important War ?  
 For nor our *Punic* Genius so obtuse,  
 Nor joins his Steeds the All-enlivening Sun  
 Distant so far, so far averse from *Tyre*.  
 Rest sure to be dismiss'd ; or, if you chuse 775  
*Hesperian* Fields, where SATURN once retir'd ;  
 Or Hills of *Erix*, where ACESTES reigns :  
 Safe in my Power to serve, and Wealth to aid.  
 Will you with me abide in this my Realm ?

This City which I build, as yours partake : 780

Then let your Navy strait embrace our Shore ;  
Born in what Realm, no Diff'rence will I make ;  
*Trojan* and *Tyrian* shall be hence the same.

Oh! that your Chief, that your ÆNEAS stood  
Here present, by the Southern Blast compell'd : 785

But Messengers of Trust shall soon be sent,  
By me ordain'd to search the utmost Bounds  
Of *Libyan* Sands; if cast perchance on Shore,  
He thro' the Woods or Cities err unknown.

In Spirits at each Word she spoke They rose, 790

The just ÆNEAS and ACHATES brave,  
Impatient each long wish'd to break the Cloud ;  
And first ACHATES to ÆNEAS thus.

What Resolution New, O Goddess born !

Arises in thy Mind ? In Safety see 795

All we could wish, our Ships and Friends restor'd ;  
Found absent of the Number One alone :

And That, ourselves, o'erpower'd by furious Winds,  
Saw sinking in the Waves ; the rest agrees

With

With all your Heav'nly Mother late foretold. 800  
 He scarce had spoke, when instantly the Cloud  
 Breaking, dissolv'd at once, and rarify'd,  
 Mix'd with the purer Air. ÆNEAS stood  
 Reveal'd to Sight, and seem'd, in clearer Day,  
 In Countenance and Stature as a God: 805  
 For o'er her Son the Goddess had diffus'd  
 Radiance divine, excelling human Form;  
 His Hair flow'd down in Curls; his Visage smil'd  
 Celestial blooming Youth; his Eyes shot forth  
 A beamy Brightness, such as curious Art 810  
 To polish'd Iv'ry adds, or Silver bright,  
 Or *Parian* Marble, when enchas'd in Gold.

WHEN sudden to the Queen, scarce seen, He spoke,  
 By All unlook'd for: Whom you seek, behold,  
*Trojan* ÆNEAS, snatch'd from *Libyan* Waves. 815  
 O Thou, who hast alone Compassion shown  
 On hapless *Troy's* unutterable Woes!  
 Who deignst with more than Royal Bounty raise

Her



Her thin Remains, escap'd the *Grecian* Sword,  
By various Perils of the Land and Seas 820  
Exhausted long, now destitute of all;  
Associate in thy Walls a wand'ring Race,  
And ope thy Palace to the Sons of Woe,  
Returns to make, proportion'd to the Grace,  
Exceeds our Power, or all that may be found 825  
Of *Dardan* Name, wide scatter'd thro' the World,  
The Gods alone, if any Gods regard  
Th' Upright, if Justice any where, or Mind  
Conscious of Good and Ill, Eternal dwells,  
To Thee an equal Recompence will grant. 830  
What happy Ages gave you to the World?  
What Parents such Perfection could produce?  
Whilst to the Seas the Rivers flow, whilst Shades  
Around project from Mountains, whilst the Heavens  
Their Stars shall feed, your bright Idea, Name 835  
And Honour shall for ever dear remain,  
(Toss'd on what Sea, or on what Region thrown)  
And be the copious Matter of my Praise.

He said, with his Right Hand ILIONEUS  
 He welcom'd first, SERESTUS with his Left, 840  
 CLOANTHUS then, and GYAS, and the rest.

ASTONISH'D at his first Appearance stood  
*Sidonian* DIDO ; but she more admir'd,  
 That Fate should persecute so great a Man.  
 Then thus she spake : What cruel Destiny, 845  
 O Goddess born ! thro' such Adventures hard  
 Pursues thee still ? What Force unknown compels  
 On barb'rous Shores ? And art thou that ÆNEAS,  
 Whom VENUS, on the Banks of *Simois'* Stream,  
 Bore to ANCHISES, of the *Dardan* Race ? 850  
 To *Sidon* TEUCER, I remember, came,  
 Banisht his native Soil, by BELUS' Aid,  
 Projecting Kingdoms new ; the *Cyprian* Isle  
 My Father BELUS then with Arms assail'd, 854  
 And conquer'd ; from that Time the Fall of *Troy*,  
 Thy Name, and *Grecian* Kings, to me were known.  
 The Foe himself the *Trojans* high extoll'd,

And

And from the *Trojan* Regal Line deriv'd  
 His own Descent: Wherefore, brave Youths, our  
 With Welcome enter, a like Fate with yours, <sup>[ Walls</sup> 860  
 Long Toils sustaining, cast Me in this Land:  
 By Suff'rings try'd, not ignorant of Ills,  
 To pity those who suffer I have learn'd.

THIS said, ÆNEAS to her Palace high  
 She leads, and in the Temples of the Gods 865  
 Ordains the Honours due, nor yet neglects  
 A Present for the Fleet of twenty Beeves  
 To send, a hundred Boars with bristly Hides,  
 And with their Ewes as many fatted Lambs,  
 The Gifts and Joys of BACCHUS not forgot. 870  
 But of the Palace the interior Part  
 In splendid Pomp appears for Feasts prepar'd,  
 And Vests of choicest Workmanship, inwove  
 With *Tyrian* Purple: on the Tables rose  
 A Pile immense of Plate; sculptur'd in Gold 875  
 The brave Exploits of her Forefathers shone,



A lengthned Series, and continu'd down  
From the first Founder of her ancient House.

ÆNEAS (for paternal Love admits  
No long Delay) with Speed ACHATES sends, 880  
To bear the gladsome Tidings to the Fleet,  
And to the Court the young ASCANIUS bring.  
The tender Sire on his ASCANIUS dear  
Center'd his total Care ; but for the Queen  
Rich Gifts ordains, escap'd the Sack of *Troy* ; 885  
A Royal Mantle rich emboss'd with Gold,  
In various Figures wrought ; a lucid Veil,  
Round which th' Acanthus spread its golden Leaves:  
Of HELEN these the ornamental Pride,  
Brought from *Mycenæ*, when to *Troy* she came 890  
And fought forbidden Nuptials, the rare Gift  
Of LEDA her bright Mother ; and with these  
The Scepter, by ILIONE once borne,  
(Of PRIAM She, the eldest Female Hope)  
The Circlet, which her snowy Neck adorn'd, 895

Of

Of Oriental Pearl, her Royal Crown  
 With Gold and Diamond Blazing; These to bring,  
 ACHATES to the Ships now speeds his Way.

BUT CYTHEREA close within her Breast  
 New Arts, new Counsels meditates; she casts 900  
 How CUPID should, in borrow'd Shape and Form,  
 The Innocence of sweet ASCANIUS feign,  
 With fatal Gifts the Queen to Fury inflame,  
 And thro' the close Recesses of her Heart  
 Convey the subtil penetrating Fire: 905  
 For much she dreaded this ambiguous Race,  
 The *Tyrians* double-tongu'd: SATURNIA's Rage  
 Implacable, augments her Care, and racks  
 Her anxious Bosom thro' the silent Night.  
 Wherefore she thus the winged Boy address'd. 910

O Son! my Strength, and my effectual Might!  
 Son, who alone the dreaded Shafts of Jove,  
 Of Heaven's Omnipotent dar'st to despise:

To

To thee I fly, and suppliant seek thy Power.  
Well known to thee thy Brother's Fate severe, 915  
By JUNO's partial Hate, from Shore to Shore  
Long cast; touch'd by my Grief, Thou oft hast griev'd  
For our ÆNEAS. Him with blandish'd Speech  
Receives *Phœnician* DIDO, and detains.  
But much the Hospitality I doubt 920  
Of JUNO's Vot'ries,. Ev'n this short Repose  
Hangs on her Will; nor can the Goddess rest.  
Therefore the Queen by Fraud to circumvent,  
And wrap in Flames I meditate, her Mind  
That no Impulse of Deity may change, 925  
Bound to ÆNEAS by the Chains of Love,  
Strong as the Ties of Nature in my Breast.  
Now this how to effect my Counsel hear.  
The Royal Youth, my great, my chiefest Care,  
Obedient to his Father's Call, his Way 930  
To the *Sidonian* City now intends;  
For Presents bearing what the Sea and Flames  
Have spar'd; the Rests of *Troy*! Him lock'd in Sleep,

In sacred Shades of the *Idalian* Wood,  
Or on CYTHERA'S Heights I mean to hide ; 935  
The sweet Deceit lest conscious he detect,  
Or obvious intervening render vain.  
Thou the fictitious Semblance of his Looks  
Assume but for a Night; thyself a Boy,  
The well known Features of the Boy express ; 940  
That when the Queen more joyous 'midst the Feasts,  
Regal Magnificence, and flowing Bowls,  
Shall clasp thee to her Breast; with fond Delight  
Embrace thee in her Arms, and Kisses sweet  
Impress with Warmth, thou mayst into her Veins 945  
Thy secret Fires and Poison sweet infuse.  
To his dear Mother's Will the God of Love  
Obsequious, quits at once his golden Wings,  
And gladly imitates IULUS' Step.  
Mean while ASCANIUS' Senses in soft Sleep 950  
Infolding, VENUS on her Bosom plac'd,  
And gently to th' *Idalian* Groves convey'd;  
Where soft repos'd, each Flow'r that Odours sweet



Exhale, with grateful Shade embrace him round.  
 Obedient now, as to his Father's Will, 955  
 CUPID with Joy the Gifts to *Carthage* bears,  
 ACHATES leading; where arriv'd, the Queen  
 With decent State upon her golden Couch,  
 Grac'd with Embroid'ries rich, compos'd they found,  
 And middle plac'd. ÆNEAS and his Chiefs 960  
 Succeed, and on spread Purple they recline.  
 Th' Attendants for their Hands the Water bring,  
 And Bread in ozier Canisters dispense,  
 And Tables with their flaxen Coverings spread.  
 Within full fifty Female Servants wait, 965  
 The Royal Feast in Order due to set,  
 And fume with Incense sweet the Household Gods.  
 Twice fifty more, join'd with the Number like  
 Of Youths of equal Age, the Viands place  
 Upon the Board, and Cups of massy Gold. 970  
 The *Tyrians* too within the spacious Rooms  
 With Mirth resounding loud, in Frequence meet,  
 On painted Couches plac'd: ÆNEAS' Gifts

They much admire, admire the Robe, and Veil 974  
O'er which th' Acanthus spread its golden Leaves;  
But more admire the Boy, the Words well feign'd,  
And radiant Count'nance of the God conceal'd.  
But chief th' unhappy Queen her wishful Eyes  
Could not restrain, or check her warm Desires,  
But every Look increas'd the growing Flame, 980  
Devote and sacred to the future Pest,  
Much with the Gifts, more taken with the Boy.  
He prest in close Embrace, and hanging long  
Around ÆNEAS' Neck, his Sire suppos'd,  
With fictitious Fondness fill'd his ardent Love; 985  
That satisfy'd, advances to the Queen.  
She with her Eyes and all her Senses fix'd  
Insatiate gazes, then with Ardour clasps  
Close to the yielding Whiteness of her Breast.  
Unhappy Queen! nor conscious of the God, 990  
Whose potent Fraudulence now plots thy Fall.  
But he now mindful of his Mother's Will,  
His all-tormenting Mother, by degrees

Begins

Begins SICHÆUS' Image to craze,  
 And with a living Flame to repossess 995  
 Affections sluggish long, and Hearts diffus'd.  
 A Pause to Feasting made, and Viands mov'd,  
 The Goblets large with sparkling Wine they crown.  
 A Noise confus'd ensues; the spacious Dome,  
 And ample Courts, with Voices loud resound. 1000  
 Down from the golden Ceiling Starry Lamps  
 Depending, yielded Light as from a Sky.  
 The Queen demands a Bowl, and fills with Wine,  
 Weighty with Gold the Bowl, enrich'd with Gems,  
 What BELUS, and what All from BELUS us'd; 1005  
 And Silence strait injoin'd, She thus began.

O JOVE, by whom are giv'n the sacred Laws  
 Of Hospitality from Man to Man,  
 To *Tyrians*, and to *Trojans*, firm this Day; 1010  
 Hence sacred be it held, a Day of Joy  
 To late Posterity. Thou, Source of Mirth  
 BACCHUS, and JUNO good, propitious join;

And,

And, ye assembled *Tyrians*, all approve.  
 She said, and to the Gods Libation pour'd 1015  
 Upon the Board, and touch'd with gentle Sip;  
 To *BITIAS* next, impatient gave; He quick  
 Emptied the foaming Bowl, and deep in Gold  
 His Head immers'd, and then the other Peers.  
 And strait with flowing Hair *IÖPAS* crown'd 1020  
 Melodious Modules to his golden Lyre,  
 What long before the mighty *ATLAS* taught:  
 The Moon's erratic Course, the Speed immense  
 And Labours of the Sun; to what first Cause  
 Or Man or Brute their Being owe; from whence  
 Thunder and Rain; of Constellations bright 1026  
 The various Influence, *ARCTURUS*' Storms,  
 The Watry *HYADES*, and Polar Star:  
 And why the Winter Suns so soon their Light  
 Quench in the Ocean, or in Summer's Heat 1030  
 Wherefore the tardy Nights so slow advance.  
 The *Trojans* and *Phœnicians* with Applause  
 And Admiration hear. With various Speech



Unhappy DIDO too the Night prolongs,  
 And drinks large Draughts of Love; of PRIAM much,  
 Of HECTOR much inquiring: Now demands 1036  
 What Arms AURORA's fable Son assum'd?  
 Now what of DIOMED the warlike Steeds?  
 And how ACHILLES mov'd, and how he fought?  
 Begin, she cry'd, the wondrous Tale unfold, 1040  
 The Stratagems of *Greece*, and Woes of *Troy*;  
 But chief thy own Adventures, thro' a Length  
 Of seven revolving Years, o'er Land and Seas,  
 That bring thee wand'ring to the *Libyan* Shores.

F I N I S.

